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On the shoulders of her Giant

By: Roland W. Peterson



Her grandfather was a giant
from whose shoulders
she could see beyond the
horizon

She used his ears as her
steering wheel
He was the one that walked on tip toes
at night so as not to wake her as he
tucked her in

Then one day he told her
she was too big for his shoulders
Oh ... how she wished that she stayed
small

Now she moved back to his lap
She could not see beyond
the horizon anymore
But she was the safest person
in the world

It was on his lap she
learned the value of his hugs
It was there she learned how to smile
It was the place where she could count
on hugs and smell that peculiar
aroma of tobacco mixed with coffee

On his lap she learned that: What
you don't have you will never lose
And that those little things do matter
Try sleeping he said with a tiny
little mosquito zzzzooming in your ear

He was her best friend
That man she called Grandpa.